DR. ELZAS.

# THE BOURBON

# The DIRGE IN THE PINES.

By PROF. YATES SNOWDEN,

OF SOUTH CAROLINA COLLEGE.

The Keowee Courier Presses,
Walhalla, S. C.
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# "Lest We Forget."

The "Bourbon" was first published in the "Southern Bivouac," Nashville, in September, 1886, and two editions subsequently in Charleston, S. C.

The "Dirge in the Pines" first appeared in The (Charleston) News and Courier in December, 1889, on the occasion of the death of President Jefferson Davis, the friend and political disciple of Honorable John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina.

These earlier editions have been long out of print and this more elaborate united publication is intended to supply a renewed inquiry for copies.

Amicus.

Newry, S. C.,
New Year's Day, 1906.

# The Carolina Bourbon.

W. M. P. (1812-1902.)

Ridiculous to some may seem
This relic of the old regime,
So rudely wakened from his dream
Of high ambition.
A heart of nature's noblest mould,
By honor tempered and controlled—
Oh! look not in a soul so bold
For mock contrition!

For, when the die of war was cast,
And through the land the bugle blast
Called to arms from first to last,
For Carolina,
Careless of what might be his fate,
He gave his all to save the State;
He thought, thinks now (strange to relate),
No cause diviner.

Of name and lineage proud, he bore
The character 'mongst rich and poor
Which marks now, as in days of yore,
The Huguenot.
Two hundred slaves were in his train,
Six thousand acres broad domain.
(His ancestors in fair Touraine
Had no such lot.)

He loved and wooed in early days;
She died—and he her memory pays
The highest tribute—for, with ways
And views extreme,
He, 'gainst stern facts and common sense,
To the whole sex (to all intents),
Transferred the love and reverence
Of life's young dream.

Perhaps too easy life he led—
Four hours afield, and ten abed,
His other time he talked and read,
Or else made merry
With many a planter friend to dine,
His health to drink in rare old wine—
Madeira, which thrice crossed the line,
And gold-leaf Sherry.

And here was mooted many a day,
The question on which each gourmet
Throughout the parish had his say:
"Which is the best,
Santee or Cooper River bream?"
Alas! the evening star grew dim,
Ere any guest agreed with him,
Or he with guest.

* * * * * *

The war rolled on, and many a friend
And kinsman, whom he helped to send
Their homes and country to defend,
Home ne'er returned.
What harder lot could now befall!
Threats could not bend nor woes appall;
Unmoved, he saw his Fathers' hall
To ashes burned.

And now to live within his means,
He dons his gray Kentucky jeans.
(His dress, in other times and scenes,
Was drap d'ete.
His hat is much the worse for wear;
His shoes revamped from year to year,
For "calfskin boots are all too dear,"
We hear him say.

So life drags on as in a trance,
No emigre of stricken France,
No Jacobite of old romance
Of sterner mould.
His fortune gone, his rights denied;
For him the Federal Union died,
When o'er Virginia's line the tide
Of battle rolled.

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"Loyal je serai durant ma vie."
So runs his motto. What cares he
For the flag that flies from sea to sea
And tops the world?
Within the silence of his gates
Death's welcome shadow he awaits,
Still true to those Confederate States
Whose flag is furled.

—Yates Snowden.

# The Dirge in the Pines.

Mr. Daniel Ravenel, chairman of the committee of twenty-five citizens, who, in April, 1850, brought the body of Mr. Calhoun from Washington to Charleston, in his eloquent report of the journey says:

"To these more formal tributes were added other testimonials less imposing, but not less touching. At several small places along the road the discharge of cannon was the manifestation of respect. As we passed a farm near Wilmington, N. C., the owner, an elderly man, stood at the roadside uncovered, his right hand resting on a small pine, hung with emblems of mourning, with his two servants standing behind him, also uncovered. And a short time before this a distant bell had sounded the modest tribute of a rural neighborhood, where no assemblage was seen."

The death of Mr. Davis, Mr. Calhoun's ablest and most ardent disciple, elicted many like touching tributes, not only in Virginia and North and South Carolina,

but throughout the Southern States. Perhaps the most pathetic incident of the day in South Carolina was the tolling of bells in the old Episcopal church of Pineville.

The tribute was rendered by one who believes the Constitutional Union died when McDowell marched on Richmond, and whose worldly hopes were crushed when Lee surrendered at Appomattox. He has been written of in verse as "The Bourbon," and college sophomores would speak of him as ultimus Romanorum; but his striking individuality, high character, intelligence and patriotic ardor command the respect and admiration of all who have the honor of his friendship, or the privilege of his acquaintance. He lives in what was formerly the "overseer's house" on his plantation. His ancestrial home was put to the torch by order of General Hartweil, while he, surrounded by negro soldiery, with fixed bayonets, was compelled to witness its destruction.

So much for the man; his name matters not; his friends will recognize even as poor a pen picture as this, for his family name has been "the synonym for honor and integrity in South Carolina since the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes," and his own name has not been absent from the Council Rolls of the State, though it seldom appears in the "personal" column of a newspaper.

He lives seven miles from Pineville, once "the Metropolis of St. Stephens," and the summer home of many of the rich planters of what was once the richest parish of the State, outside of Charleston. The story of the rise and fall of Pineville has been charmingly told by the late Prof. F. A. Porcher, and is familiar to many of the readers of The News and Courier. Three or four dwellings, a church built by the planters early in the century, and some chimneys, which mark the sites of the old club house and the many private residences burned by Federal troops, are all that remain of the dead village.

Its very name will possibly pass away with the generation, for the United States Government has, with unconscious sarcasm, changed the name of the post office from Pineville to "Crawl," as if to typify its slow progress from Reconstruction to destruction. The church has not been opened for many years, and it is whispered that on the last occasion of divine service within its walls, "The Bourbon" read the prayers, and the lady who composed the choir with one companion, formed the congregation.

Three families, consisting of the descendants of the first rector of the church, a worthy Northern gentleman, who has settled in the neighborhood since the war, and a quintette of sterling young men of the name and

blood of Marion, constitute the white inhabitants of the once populous Pineville.

Many negroes, more or less respectable, live in the village, their shanties and "patches" covering the sites of the dwellings of their former masters. The church building is going to decay, and in a few years, if not now, the traveller passing this old sanctuary to the shattered tomb of Francis Marion, six miles further on, will see

> "The bat and owl repose
> Where once the people knelt,
> And the high Te Deum rose."

It was upon such a scene and such a community that, through the lofty pines, the sunshine of the 11th of December burst all glorious. At mid-day, when the funeral ceremonies of Jefferson Davis were in progress in New Orleans, the bell of the little church tolled as it never tolled before. A dead church in a dead village has no sexton, and when the astonished villagers gathered around the porch they found there "The Bourbon," an old man of three score years and ten, ringing the funeral knell, and paying thus the last tribute he could offer to the loved leader of the Lost Cause.—Yates Snowden, in The News and Courier, January 13th, 1890.